

# The Evening World.

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## IN JUSTICE TO MR. MURPHY.

**D**URING the recent municipal campaign, on Oct. 22, 1917, The Evening World reprinted in its editorial columns, with comments, certain charges that were made against Charles F. Murphy, the leader of Tammany Hall, in the campaign of 1903, and published at that time. These charges were in the form of alleged statements of former Chief of Police William Devery, and were to the effect that Mr. Murphy had been interested in poolrooms and other illegal resorts, and had been engaged in transactions which reflected upon his civic and personal integrity.

Investigation by The World's Bureau of Accuracy and Fair Play has shown that there is no basis of truth whatever for these allegations, and that in so far as they affect Mr. Murphy's integrity they are wholly false. The man who originally made them admits that he has no evidence of any kind to sustain them. Hence the charges and the sources of the charges must be dismissed as equally irresponsible.

The World's Bureau of Accuracy and Fair Play was instituted for the objects that its title implies. Mr. Murphy is entitled to an equal measure of justice with any other citizen. In this case the fact that The World has consistently opposed Mr. Murphy's leadership of Tammany Hall is only an added reason why there should be scrupulous and willing fairness in relieving him from any burden of false accusation.

The Evening World, desiring at all times to be fair, wishes now to publicly express, both to Mr. Murphy and its readers, its sincere regret that these unfounded charges were published.

## VIA AUSTRIA?

**I**T IS just as well to bear in mind that when Count von Hertling, the German Chancellor, talks in the open his tones must be the tones of confident Prussianism. When he whispers through a side door it may be different.

A despatch from Rome quotes from the Germania, a Berlin newspaper which is called the organ of Chancellor von Hertling, an article expressing confidence not only that Count Czernin's recent speech was deliberately intended to prepare the ground for peace parleys between Austria and the United States, but that—what is more—the speech could not have been made without the consent of Berlin.

The latest utterance of the President of the United States leaves the possibility of peace standing very close to the Austrian door.

It may be that is where the German Chancellor wants to see it. To save the face of militarism before an outraged Junker party in Germany it might be very convenient to be able to point out that it was Austria that stopped the fight and let in the white-robed stranger.

## DOWN THE RETAIL FOOD-PROFITEER.

**A**S AGAINST profiteering on the part of retail food dealers, consumers in this city will shortly have the protection of a price-card system put into effect by the Federal Food Administration along lines long urged by The Evening World.

The plan will give constant publicity to food prices, wholesale and retail. The latter will be under the strict supervision of the Federal Food Board. The retail food dealer will not be permitted to take more than fair profits nor to charge prices higher than are warranted by location, cartage distance from the source of supply, etc.

Consumers will be asked to co-operate by noting the card prices and making due complaint of overcharges or of deficiencies in the quality of food sold.

In their campaign for food conservation Food Administrators will find that nothing is more certain to increase the patriotic willingness of housekeepers to heed the recommendations of the food conservers than daily evidence that Food Boards are effectively at work to prevent profiteering in the articles to which demand is directed.

Consumers have been dismayed to find that the kinds of food which they are specially urged, in the nation's interest, to eat, are straightway advanced in price at a rate for which there appears to be no check.

The price-card system can do much to convince the public that the Food Administration—supported by honest food dealers, who are in the majority—is doing what can be done to keep the rise of all food prices within economically determined limits which the price boosters cannot exceed without promptly being called to account.

The Evening World calls upon the members of its Housewives' Protective Association to help make the price-card system the strongest protection yet against the profiteer.

## THE GREAT RUSSIAN DRAMA.

Act I.—Mobilization.  
Act II.—Mobilization.  
Act III.—Demoralization.  
Act IV.—Disintegration.

## Hits From Sharp Wits

These 25-cent thrift shops show that the Government refuses to use the famous slogan, "No quarter."—*Milwaukee News.*  
Some men achieve publicity and imagine that it is fame.—*Albany Journal.*  
Count that day lost whose low descending sun sees no fresh scrap in Russia's realm begun.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*  
We wonder if there are any calories in onion skins.—*Toledo Blade.*  
It is a remarkable fact that no worn-out collar ever gets lost in the laundry. Its mangled remains are always sent back to its best friend.—*Toledo Blade.*  
Don't tell all you know, but it's difficult to be close-mouthed with your dentist.—*Philadelphia Record.*  
There is much talk about food and fuel shortage, but there is quite as much scare as scarcity.—*Deseret News.*  
The man who saws wood and says nothing has also the reason that he could not make himself heard above the noise of the saw.—*Albany Journal.*  
The Chicago News presents the interesting theory that jazz was invented by a musician who "attempted to play his Chinese laundry ticket by mistake."—*Toledo Blade.*  
It's getting so nowadays that you can't turn your back on a neighbor without feeling another.—*Boston Transcript.*

## A Peaceful Understanding

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By J. H. Cassel



## My Matrimonial Chances Recording the Experiences of a Young Girl of Thirty

By Wilma Pollock

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### No. III.—The "Substitute."



**U**GENE EVANS has never married because his heart was set on winning Elizabeth Hunter for his wife. Gene, who was about fifteen years older than Babe, had waited for her to reach a marriageable age. Then he began to court her.

But she knew she would not marry him, and so did everybody else except Gene, who made her life one continuous joy ride, and hoped on. When Babe wanted to include me, her chum, in any of their parties, Gene invited his chum, Billy Ward. Gene and Babe paid off, always leaving Billy to make love to me. I have often wondered how he managed to do it so sincerely, when all the time he must really have been longing to be with Babe. For Gene adored Babe. At first Babe looked upon Billy as a mere boy, because he was eight years younger than Gene. But he was dear, handsome, ambitious and successful, and in time she decided he would suit her admirably as a husband. They played the game honorably and as long as Gene was still in the ring, Billy kept out.

When Babe for the tenth time refused Gene, he began to see he was the dog in the manger who was keeping the two loveliest children apart. So he packed up and went West. His going was as good as a "God bless you, my children," for after Gene left, Billy never called on me again. He concentrated on Babe, and in two months' time they announced their engagement.

Gene came back not a lover "pale and wan," but apparently heart whole, in time to be best man at the wedding. I was maid of honor. That is as near as I have ever got to marrying.

Gene came to see me a few times, and then until last week I had not seen him since Babe and Billy celebrated their wedding. Although Gene and I frequently visited

## The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCordell

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**"W**ILL you be late this evening?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "Why do you always ask that?" inquired the best of husbands, somewhat petulantly. "You know where I work, you know what the office hours are, you know how long it takes to get home when my day's work is done, you know." "I know a lot of things," Mrs. Jarr interrupted, "but I do not know what time you'll be home this evening, so I'm asking. Simply because you say you've stopped smoking is no reason why you should be cross as a bear! If you are going to be an old crank just because you don't waste all your money on tobacco, why, start smoking again!"

"The great mystery is," mused Mr. Jarr, his thoughts going off on a side track at Mrs. Jarr's remark about all the money he wasted on smoking. "The great mystery is: What becomes of all the money we do not spend when we swear off our expensive habits and pastimes? I used to spend," here Mr. Jarr checked himself as he started to say "a dollar a day" "a dime a day on cigars or tobacco. Where is that money I don't spend on smokes now?"

"Well, I'm sure I haven't it!" said Mrs. Jarr. "But I want to know if you will be home early this evening, because I want you to look after the children at dinner, as I am going with Clara Mudridge-Smith and Mrs. Stryver to the training camp to take Smilge Books to our soldier boys."

"First!" cried Mr. Jarr. "These are the coupon theatre tickets used at the soldier entertainments, aren't they? It's a great idea, and it is one that the theatrical managers should copy. We may do away with the theatrical ticket speculator that way. The theatres could sell comedy coupons and musicals, show meal tickets."

"How could we afford to buy such things unless they were sold on the installment plan?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "But our Wartime Ladies' Knitting League bought a lot of Smilge Books and we are going to take them out to camp. As it is quite a journey, I do not know what time I will be home, and we may have dinner somewhere; so I want you to be home early and look after the children and the house."

"Anything to please you?" replied Mr. Jarr. "Just what am I to do?" "See that Willie is neat at the table and see that both the children eat their soup—this is wheatsauce day, or meatless day, I forget which; but, anyway, we have fish for dinner, and

## War Medals Of the Fighting Nations

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### NO. 5.—ITALY AND MONTENEGRO.

**F**ROM the beginning, the war has been for Italy truly an uphill fight, for the summits of the mountains which marked her frontiers were enemy territory and heavily fortified. Progress could only be made by scaling the peaks, warfare under the most difficult circumstances. The peaks were conquered and great feats of military skill and daring had been recorded, when there came the disaster of the late autumn and for a time all hope seemed lost. But the Italians made a stand and are still standing; they have "come back," and to such an army all things are possible.

The proudest honor which these fighting men may hope to win is the Medal of Valor. It is made of gold, of silver, and of bronze, worn on a ribbon of light blue, and is awarded for acts of conspicuous gallantry to officers and men alike. The bronze Medal of Valor is a high distinction; that of silver is hard to win, but the gold insignia of courage is reserved for acts of heroism which thrill an entire army. Indeed, it is usually awarded only to those who have sacrificed their lives in some venture which meant certain death.

The Military Order of Savoy was established in 1815 and is of five classes, the award of even the lowest of them conferring a lasting dignity. It is a white cross, the ribbon being of red with a central stripe of blue.

QUEEN HELENA is by birth a Princess Royal of Montenegro and so that country holds a sentimental interest for all Italians. The little mountain kingdom, faithful to its ally, Serbia, entered the great conflict after but a brief period of recuperation from its losses in the Balkan wars. Her hardy soldiers put up the gallant defense that was to be expected of them, but without avail; they were crushed by the vast Teutonic wave. The Order of Danilo, a general order of merit, is the reward bestowed by the sovereign for faithful and gallant service. It commemorates the independence of Montenegro, is of blue enamel, with a white and red ribbon, and was established in 1832.

## Ellabelle Mae Doolittle

By Bide Dudley

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**T**HE Educational Section of the Delhi Women's Betterment League held a meeting at Hugga Hall Tuesday afternoon to hear a lecture by Ellabelle Mae Doolittle, the noted poetess, on the subject of "Poetry Writing." Miss Doolittle had promised to give the ladies a lesson in the art of rhyming and, as a result, the hall was packed. Mrs. Eliza Q. Partle, Promptress, called the meeting to order at 2 o'clock and all was expectancy. "It has always been my keen desire," said the Promptress in her opening address, "to be able to write poetry. Once I tried it, writing a rhyme about my uncle, Jonah Greer, but he didn't like it because I made his name rhyme with 'beer.' So I hung off of poetry after that. Today we have a treat in store. A noted poetess is to tell us how to write the muse, and I am sure we will relish her talk. I have the honor to present Miss Ellabelle Mae Doolittle."

Miss Doolittle stepped to the front of the rostrum. She was becomingly gowned in Swiss cheesecloth, draped around her in Paviava style and trimmed with drips of cotton batting. Although the programme did not so state, the gown was by Smudge, the well known Delhi ladies' tailor. She bowed and smiled in all directions. It was truly a moment of artistic expectation.

"Dear friends," she began. "Undoubtedly the poetic instinct lies smouldering in your souls. We are here to-day to awaken it that it may speak and, mayhap, continue to speak."

"Beautiful," was the comment of Mrs. Cutesy Boggs. "I intend," continued the noted poetess, "to lead you in poetry composition. Poetry helps one in courtship and, likewise, it smooths over one's troubles when all is drear."

"Some speech!" murmured Mrs. Pease Brown, wife of Constable Brown. "You are going to take Smilge Books to the soldiers, but if there were Smilge Books for families, couldn't I have a few movie coupons torn out for our youngsters?" Mr. Jarr inquired.

"You could if they deserved it," Mrs. Jarr replied. "But that reminds me that your suggestion is a very good one. Why shouldn't there be Family Smilge Books? If the children were good they could be given coupons for the moving pictures or for ice cream soda or candy."

"And a man could get an evening out on his Smilge Book from his wife if he had been good!" suggested Mr. Jarr. Mrs. Jarr considered the suggestion a few moments and then said: "Well, the coupons might be used that way too, but what could the wife and mother get out of the coupons?" "She might use them for trading stamps or Thrift Stamps," ventured Mr. Jarr. "I might have known you would say something like that," replied Mrs. Jarr. "Husband and children are to have a good time, but poor mother is expected to enjoy herself by saving and scrimping."

"Don't worry," remarked Mr. Jarr. "The Family Smilge Book hasn't been invented yet, and if it ever is I'll see that you get as much enjoyment out of the coupons as I do."

But Mrs. Jarr wasn't so sure of this, because, as she said, even if the supposititious Family Smilge Book coupons would be good for a husband's use, what wife cared for pinocchio or corner cafes?

## Strenuous Athletics Revive Exhausted French Fighters

**I**T would naturally be supposed that soldiers on returning, plastered with mud, chilled and exhausted, from a period of trench duty, would be allowed to turn in and sleep until they could sleep no longer. But it has been found that the fatigue of this type of warfare is more mental than physical, and that strained nerves made restless slumber impossible when the men went to a rest camp from the trenches to a rest camp for several days of idleness.

A remarkably successful method of getting the soldiers back into condition again has been devised by Lieut. Herbert of the French navy. Without pausing to rest, they are marched from the trenches into the open country back of the line. There they are put through a course of strenuous physical exercise. Stripped to the waist, the men set out for a cross-country run, over fences and ditches, up hill and down, and along winding forest paths. They jump, climb trees, crawl like snakes through grassy places, all the while shouting and singing at the tops of their voices. It is said that the peasants were amazed and startled at the first sight of half-naked warriors, coming at top speed from a bit of woodland. Each period of violent exercise is followed by one of quiet, easy moves. At the end, in a

sound, refreshing sleep is easy. While one object of the new system is to bring back to top form men gone stale from trench life, the fact that they are soldiers is always the first consideration, and each of the exercises prescribed is carefully planned to increase their fighting ability. A man who, through practice in crawling, has acquired agility while lying prostrate, has a better chance of life in a sudden encounter at night in No Man's Land, and running, jumping and climbing make him a more dangerous opponent in a bayonet duel.

The new method has entirely displaced the old system of training recruits just called to the colors. The French soldier is now taught only movements that will be of actual value in battle, including thorough instruction in throwing hand grenades and the use of the bayonet. The open air exercise toughens the muscles, hardens the skin and fits a man to withstand exposure to all weather.

The great benefits of such training was shown when troops drilled under the new system met in sham battle an equal number developed by the old method. The umpire's decision was that they had lost four "dead" and a few "wounded" against 300 "killed" for their opponents.